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Mabel P. Peterson,
March, 1915.

The Missile

MARCH, 1915.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

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Class Poem — February, 1915.

At the parting of the ways we stand,
Each shall decide the road he'll take;
Where'er we go in any land
Our bright ideals we'll ne'er forsake.
Forever and aye with thee I wist,
Dear P. H. S., we shall keep tryst;
Keep tryst with thee.

Some shall stroll down life's shady way,
And some through meadows bright and fair;
E'en while life's pleasures they survey,
At any time and anywhere,
Dear P. H. S., with thee I wist,
Full well I know they shall keep tryst;
Keep tryst with thee.

Others may wander in distant lands,
Some on the rugged mountain side;
Some may traverse the desert sands;
Where'er they dwell, whate'er betide,
No matter when or where, I wist,
Dear P. H. S., we shall keep tryst;
Keep tryst with thee.

And often as the twilight falls,
We'll sit in the dusk, and memories dear
Will gather and linger round thy walls,
Bringing with them a flood of cheer.
'Tis then, dear P. H. S., I wist,
'Tis then, in truth, we shall keep tryst;
Keep tryst with thee.

MARY C. MCCALEB.

The Gift—and Its Meaning.

THE LAST RAYS of the setting sun shone brightly over the landscape, bringing into view, through the murmuring pines that dotted the mountain side, an old colonial house. To the right of the house the land sloped gently for about a quarter of a mile and then there was a deep ravine between whose sides the Potomac river flowed. A steep path ran down the mountain side, at the end of which was a private wharf. In the distance the blue peaks rose majestically from the steady range of the Blue Ridge, and the light of the setting sun deepened their color to a light purple. Toward the front of the house the mountain sloped gently, and far down its side a tiny trail of white, the wagon road, could be seen. From the path, far down the mountain side, the house looked stately and imposing, but upon closer view one felt disappointed.

The house itself was very large, but the peeling paint, the sagging blinds, and the honeysuckle and ivy that had twined itself around and around the colonial pillars of the old front porch and climbed until it nearly covered the whole west side of the house, showed what time, together with neglect, had done for this once magnificent home.

In the light of the fading day an old man in an arm chair was asleep on the front porch. Presently he stirred in his chair and sat up. Had he been asleep? Yes—asleep to the sights of the world and God's beautiful country which lay all around him, but not in slumber—he was blind.

"Gabriella," he called in a feeble voice. There was a deep silence as before and then he called again.

"Yes, father, I am coming," answered a voice from within, and a moment later a young girl, who appeared to be about nineteen, came out on the porch. She was a lovely girl. Her hair, which hung down her back in a thick braid, was light auburn and very soft. The large gray eyes, set in a face whose features were beautiful and coloring exquisite, were shaded by long curling lashes and delicate brows.

"Did I leave you alone very long, Daddy dear?" she asked, helping him from the chair and leading him toward the large front door which now stood open. Within, the walls were covered with paper that had once been beautiful but was now faded, and the room was sadly lacking in furniture.

"No, daughter," he replied, "I took a little nap."

"And did you have sweet dreams, Daddy?" she asked.

"They were about the boy, Gabriella. I dreamed about the boy, and that he had come back. My Philip had come back, not a young boy but a grown man, and oh, how handsome he was!"

The girl's face clouded and a weary tone came into her voice.

She said, "Come, Daddy, we must eat our supper now."

Gabriella led the old man to a table covered with a clean but shabby cloth, where an old colored woman was preparing to serve supper. She pattered about the room droning an old song while the father and daughter ate. Afterward they sat for a long time on the west veranda, Gabriella holding her father's hand and talking to him. Suddenly she espied an object moving far down the mountain side, on the boat house path.

"We'll go in now, Father," she said, "you've had a long walk to-day," and she led the old man gently up stairs. But there was a look of sadness in her eyes and her left hand was clenched.

In a few minutes Colonel Landis was asleep. Gabriella came from his room and stood at the head of the great mahogany stairs, while silence reigned below.

Suddenly a sharp whistle broke the stillness of the summer night. The girl leaned from the window and waved her handkerchief in the moonlight. The whistle ceased and the girl crept noiselessly down the stairs and out of the house into the yard. She hesitated here only a moment and picking up her shabby skirts ran swiftly down the weedy path to a small tool house at the far end of the garden. Opening the door she entered a room lighted by a lantern and in the middle of which a tall, well-built man was standing, nervously fingering an old magazine. As soon as the man looked up one could easily see the resemblance between him and the girl. The man had the grey eyes of the girl, though not the firm mouth.

"Phil," she asked wearily, "what is it this time?"

"Well, Gabriella, little girl—is that all the greeting I receive when I haven't seen you for six months?"

"Oh, Phil," she moaned, burying her face in her hands, "Don't speak like that. You break my heart. Tell me what you want!"

"Well, you see, sister," he began rather nervousiy, "I'm in a terrible scrape, and if I don't get the money by to-morrow night, I'm ruined. You won't fail me this time, little sister, will you?"

Gabriella was standing before him now and asked coldly, "How much is it, Phil?"

"Two thousand dollars," he answered.

"Wait here," she commanded and, opening the door, fled back to the house. She crept noislessly up to her room, unlocked a small box, which she found by drawing out one of the bricks on the side of the fireplace, and taking from it some articles hurried back to the tool house in the garden. She laid a piece of paper on the table.

"This is a check for half of the amount. It is the money from the mortgage on the Brenton property, paid yesterday; and these," the girl continued, laying an exquisite emerald necklace and bracelets beside the check, "will surely make up the rest. Sir George Denver offered father £500 for them last year."

"Gabriella, you're a brick!" cried her brother, seizing her hands, but she jerked them away from him and pointing to the door said, "If you have fulfilled your mission, you'd better go."

Philip Landis went slowly out of the door, closing it behind him. Gabriella, who was standing by a chair sank into it and cried, "Oh, God, how much longer is this to go on? He will come again and again and these are my last jewels. There is not a piece of the silver plate left. He wants money, money always, and I cannot give it to him. Then he'll go to father, and oh, this will kill daddy," and burying her face in her hands the girl wept.

* * * * * * * *

Stanton was angry; thoroughly angry. Its most prominent citizen, Mayor Staff, had been found murdered in his library the day before. Mayor Staff was the most popular man the city had had for its executive for many a day. There is no wonder the blaze of anger at his having been murdered by a plain blackguard spread the

easily aroused flame of anger over the entire city. Even the small boys cried, "Death to his murderer!"

It was two days later that Philip Landis was arrested for the murder and imprisoned. No one actually saw the murder committed, but it was known that Landis owed the mayor money, and when they found the emerald necklace and bracelets which were missing from Staff's safe, the evidence was complete and the people cried louder still, "Death to his murderer!"

* * * * * * * *

It was the day before the trial. Landis was nervously pacing his narrow cell. To-morrow—what would it bring? What *could* it bring but the sentence of death? He knew that the judge, the jury, and in fact everyone in the town were against him, and if he would tell where he was that night, and could prove it, he would be a free man.

"But I can't—I won't!" he cried. "It would kill my father. I've already dragged myself to the dust, but I will not bring father's or Gabriella's name into this. No, never!" and dropping wearily upon his cot, he soon fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

In a few minutes the door opened and Dick McWhitney, the lawyer who was representing him, came in. The warden unlocked the door and the man passed into Philip's cell.

He would not awake the sleeping man, and having some notes to make he sat down. In a few minutes the sleeper stirred.

"Gabriella," he said, "I'll not tell on you. It would kill father and bring disgrace to you. And to think that the necklace had belonged to our grandmother! But after

this you'll not have any worthless brother to bother—to bother — you and—and—." Here the man turned upon his cot and ceased to talk.

McWhitney jumped up suddenly.

"By jove!" he exclaimed, "I knew all along that he was innocent, and to think that all he needs now to save him is the testimony of his sister, whom he is trying to shield."

He found out from papers taken from Landis' coat the address of his father, and eating a hurried luncheon he boarded a boat which carried him to Kingston Falls where he hired a man to row him to the Landis wharf. He easily found his way up to the house, and during an interview with Miss Landis told her briefly of her brother's circumstances. She was stunned, but promised McWhitney she would return with him, leaving her father in her old nurse's care.

* * * * * * * *

The court-room was crowded, the windows were filled and the corridors packed with eager spectators. There was a hush of voices as the jury filed in. The judge took his seat and the prisoner entered the box. The witnesses were called and on oath told their stories. When the last witness left the stand, McWhitney announced another witness and the door opened and Gabriella came in. The crowd was breathless with astonishment. Where did this beautiful girl come from and what did she have to do with this crime?

Philip, as he sat beside McWhitney, looked faint and clutched his seat for support. The girl was sworn in, took her stand, and in a tremulous voice told the following story:

"Gentlemen of the jury and honorable judge, the prisoner is my brother. We were born on an old Southern plantation. Until he was fourteen and I eleven we had a happy childhood. But at this time he went on a visit to his uncle in Stanton, and after his return a great change seemed to take place in him. He was not frank and open with my father as he had been before, and he was continually restless to visit his uncle again. Finally, father gave his consent to this and Phil went away. About two weeks later father was blinded by an explosion while working in his laboratory, and I wrote to my brother; but he neither answered my letter nor came home. Father's health was very bad and his mind was weakened by continuous thoughts of Philip. Finally, about two years later, Phil came home. I met him before he reached the house, and hearing that he was wholly under the influence of his uncle and had only come home for money, I would not allow him to see father. He went away then, but he came again and again—sometimes twice a year, but I would never allow him to see father.

The last time he came home was on the night of April the sixth. He wanted two thousand dollars. I gave him a check for half of the amount and my emerald necklace and bracelets," and she held up an emerald bracelet which was an exact match to the one which lay on the table by Mr. McWhitney. "Gentlemen," she continued, "he is not guilty. I have nothing more to say except that his uncle was—Mayor Staff!"

The crowd was spellbound and cheered her as she went out of the court-room, accompanied by her brother, after the jury had brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

"Little sister," Philip said brokenly, when they were

away from the crowd, "You've saved my life, but this is not the first time, and I'll not let you regret it."

Gabriella went home on the afternoon boat. At Kingston's Falls, the man who rowed them up to the house said that he had carried Dr. Woodson up there about an hour sooner.

"Oh, Phil," she cried, "it cannot be father!"

They were soon at the wharf and a few minutes later in the house.

"Daddy, daddy!" the girl called.

There was no answer, but hearing voices on the front porch she hurried out there where Dr. Woodson was bending over her father, who lay on a couch while the old nurse was crying on her apron.

"Oh, Daddy," Gabriella cried, kneeling by the couch and taking his hands.

"It's one of the old attacks, daughter," he said, smiling bravely.

"But Daddy, darling," she cried with fear in her voice, "You must get well because Phil has come back!"

"Philip! Philip, my boy!" exclaimed the old man, "Where is Philip?"

"Here, father!" he cried, dropping on his knees beside the couch and grasping his father's outstretched hands. "Oh, father, forgive me!"

"Philip, Philip, my boy, I forgive you. Care for Gabriella. Don't take your hand away, daughter. It cools my brow." He lay back on his couch, a smile on his face and his eyes closed.

"Daddy, daddy," the girl murmured brokenly.

"Don't, Gabriella," whispered Phil.

"Oh, Phil," she said, "he is gone and I—"

"I know, little sister," he replied, "but he left you to me. Up to this time I've chosen the wide road with many turnings, at the end of which only disappointment and destruction lie, but with you to guide me I shall steer our course into the long straight road. Together we shall overcome life's difficulties, for there was never a gift without a meaning." G. Spooner Dunn, '16.

The Cause.

Where in the love that God has taught
Is said that Peace by blood is wrought,
That Death must reign and cannon roar
Until men fall—hearts beat no more?

Ah! tell me not 'tis Satan's skill,
Or He from heaven hath sent His will
That we must die—all earth must moan!
Nay! war is man's and man's alone.

Meyer Lavenstein, '16.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

I used to think I knew I knew,
But now I must confess,
The more I know I know I know,
I know I know the less.—Ex.

L'Allegro.

(REVISED).

L'Allegro signifies a cheerful man of the twentieth century.

Awakened, not by the light of the coming day, but by the musical factory whistles and roar of auto-trucks, he was reminded of one of nature's beauties—waterfalls.

Dressing, without cursing over the fact that the washerwoman had starched one of his silk shirts so that it would stand alone, he left his home for his usual morning walk. Passing down the avenue he could not but admire the prominent telephone poles, so like nature in their green coat.

In making his crossing he was struck by the front wheel of an auto, which soiled his trousers a bit. At first he was inclined to be peevish, but upon thinking that he had been struck by a product of nature (rubber tire), he continued his journey a happy man.

Finally he reached the bridge which spanned the river and led into the country. Half way across, his hat was caught by a gust of wind; it sailed into the river, dipped, came up, and sank. This episode recalled to him the afternoon he had spent watching the swallows diving in the water. The loss of his hat did not trouble him, and he continued on his way thinking of the above-mentioned afternoon. The vigilant sheriff had watched his action, and either thought L'Allegro was crazy or was himself hard up for money. Most likely the latter, for the automobilists had been unable to get out of the city on account of the condition of the roads. Nevertheless, L'Al-

legro was arrested as a suspicious character. L'Allegro being a considerate man, looked upon the affair complacently, and rejoiced in the fact that one sheriff at least was doing his duty.

He was tried several hours later; and after some difficulty in explaining the cause of his pleasing countenance after the loss of his hat, and the cause of his soiled trousers, he was released.

Being told by a kind lad that the path through a nearby field would save him many steps, he was soon eagerly following the path. His attention was attracted by a bull grazing in the distance, and he exclaimed aloud "Ah! How picturesque!" The bull heard the sound and set out for the trespasser. The merry man was soon aware of the fact, and made a hasty retreat. After running several minutes he finally succeeding in making his escape by tearing through a barbed-wire fence, leaving portions of his raiment clinging to the wire. Outside the fence he was lamenting, thinking how much more realistic it would have been to climb a tree and there sit the bull out, than to have a piece of thin wire for his defense.

Soon a farmer came running across the field with a gun in his hand and yelling, "What d'ye think I stake me bull out fer? To set the pace for two-twenty yard dashers?" This was one time in L'Allegro's career he did not desire the society of his fellow-beings. So later in the afternoon we find L'Allegro lying in the shade of a tree watching the nearby farmers at their toils.

That night L'Allegro, with a few "Knights of the Road," enjoyed a game of crap, while waiting for a freight going towards the city. He had shot away most of his clothing and was preparing to shoot his shoes when he heard his train.

When he finally reached his home to bed he did silently creep.

E. Hobson Gill, '16.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

THE mere appearance of Johnnie Moore in the hated store proved that he was in love with Helen. There were always men standing about the store who looked at him with half-concealed sneers and asked him what he was doing nowadays for a living, and other such questions. Johnnie had not been to the store for fully a year, counting on his sister to do his few errands. Helen, however, had asked him last night to get her a spool of thread, and Helen's word was law. He had come down into the town and approached the store with his usual strong sense of distaste, when he was surprised by a salutation of a masculine voice inside.

"Hello, Johnnie, you're a stranger, you are. 'Taint often we get a look at you."

Blinking with surprise at the hearty greeting, Johnnie found himself shaking hands with the proprietor of the store.

"I've got something here that I bet would interest you. I was thinking of you when I bought it. Come here," said the proprietor.

He bore the astonished and gratified Johnnie off and kept him half an hour in the rear of the store. Johnnie ordered a few things which he knew he could not afford, bought his thread, and went out, a happy man. Another man coming in at the same moment spoke to him civilly. Three more standing in a little group outside the Post Office hailed him. The town butcher came to the door to shake hands with him. Johnnie walked proudly and held his head high, he hardly knew why. He vaguely thought

people were beginning to like him. He had often wondered why they did not.

Helen's cottage was a long distance from the village, but Johnnie did not notice that it was far. He thought he would tell Helen how nice the men had been to him, but as he approached the house a loud voice proceeding through the open windows told him that Trixie Meeler was there. Johnnie was aware that Trixie Meeler did not like him. Instead of going into the house Johnnie dropped down on the side porch and waited quietly until she went home.

"'Taint as if you were a young girl, Helen," Trixie was saying. "Here you've been working at sewing all your life to get a living, and just when you get some money left you, this good-for-nothing upstart asks you to marry him and you up and say yes. You ought to have more sense."

"He isn't good-for-nothing," Helen said loyally.

"What do you call him, then? He lived on his aunt 'till she wore out working for him and died. He lives with his sister now and they say he sits around the house all day admiring the view and talking that nature talk of his and never doing a thing to help."

"Now Trixie Meeler," cried poor Helen in exasperation, "What makes you come around here talking like that? I love Johnnie, or I wouldn't be marrying him, and he loves me. What difference does it make if he doesn't like to work at the things your husband likes to work at so long as I'm satisfied? Johnnie's a beauty worshiper and writes things—beautiful things. I'd rather have him this way than any other."

Trixie Meeler sniffed.

"They do say," she said cruelly, that being as you're

as old as you are and ain't likely to get another chance, you're more'n glad to take up with Johnnie, but I ain't much on him myself. And according to my notion you'd better save that money and marry later, 'cause there's many a man that's worth something who will be coming 'round here after you. But then," she added with sarcasm, "perhaps you won't feel ashamed of Johnnie after you know him. Folks'll look up to him, sort of think he's smart enough to get hold of all that money. I'm told that the men down town are already shinin' up to him for a man of money."

She rose and seemed to be coming toward the door. Johnnie sprang up and ran across the fields, blindly, furiously, toward home. The house was deserted. Perhaps his sister and the children were down in the orchard. Johnny sat down, breathing heavily and with an unmistakable lump in his throat. His thoughts were confused and numerous. Tears dimmed his vision, and then suddenly as he raised his head he saw that he was not making the best of his life. Johnnie got up determined to alter his ways of living. The next day he went to the city and in the course of time secured a position as clerk in one of the leading stores and slowly went to work at his duties, working out his own problem at the same time.

It wasn't for himself that he minded, it was for Helen. He had heard the neighbors' reproaches all his life and had turned them all aside, saying that they did not understand him. Now it was different. They were saying that he was after Helen's money that her uncle had left her. He had never thought of it. And they were saying cruel things about Helen because she loved him. He

worked steadily and vigorously, as if his only thought was in doing something for the interest of Helen.

One day while at his task behind the counter he heard a friendly voice from home say,

"Hello, Johnnie, working, eh?"

Johnnie turned with sudden strength and dignity.

"I'm settling down," he said; "I'm almost a married man now, you know. I have to work for two."

"How about a better job? I'll pay you double what you're getting now," said the man, laughing, "if you'll come and be my assistant."

"I'll do it," said Johnnie.

Later he and Helen talked it over.

"I went over the city," he confessed, "and asked for work and soon I received it. Oh, Helen," he cried, kissing her," it isn't much, but it's a start, and it's for you."

THE JOKE ON FATHER.

She had refused him, and he was "all in."

"Reconsider, Annie," he begged. "If you don't I'll blow my brains out."

"Huh!" said Annie, "that would be a good joke on father, for he doesn't think you have any."

ON WHOM WAS THE JOKE?

It was the first of April.

"Mama! Mama!" came a piping treble, "come quick, there's a strange man in the dining room kissing the maid."

The mother made a hurried start, but was halted by her gay little son, who cried exultingly, "April fool! it's only Papa!"

So Shines One Thing in a Naughty World.

MISS WILKINS was a new pupil at Dr. Philip's Academy for young ladies. Now there was nothing so very astonishing about that, but Miss Wilkins herself was the astonishing feature of the occurrence. She was one solid bundle of conceit—or perhaps it was just self-confidence—originality, impudence and fun, with quite a little ability tucked in somehow. She would answer Miss Roberts, the stern holder of her destiny, as quickly as bashful Miss Tompkins, and would not hesitate in the least to contradict the principal himself.

Miss Wilkins had not desired to enter the above-mentioned decorous academy. She had done it under compulsion. Ergo, she was resolved to make things as unpleasant as possible for everybody concerned.

She was put to work as pianist as soon as some one discovered her ability and one day at the literary society Miss Wilkins played a glorious piece, but ended it with an air popular at the time—something to the effect that "don't c'yar 'bout nothing, jus so's I'se at home." She was encored, and somehow she forgot the plan she had made to put powder all over Madame Damrau's hair until it was too late to do it. For, be it known, Miss Wilkins loved praise above all; that could be easily read in her small eyes and the lines of her mouth.

Now Madame Damrau was a busy little French woman, with two front teeth that wiggled when she talked; at least so Margaret Davidson described these peculiar properties. And it was the delight of all the indecorous

young ladies to endeavor to depict Miss Damrau upon paper. So far none had been successful to the point demanded. But one day Miss Wilkins was scribbling and some one whispered to her, "Draw Miss Damrau's front teeth." A stroke here—a dot there—and there was Miss Damrau—perfect to every detail. Miss Wilkins stared in astonishment at her own work and then at Miss Damreau. The latter was hearing French irregular verbs just then, but she caught Miss Wilkins' astonished expression. She said nothing, but made a point of coming behind Miss Wilkins and—beholding the picture! Miss Damrau turned to the window with a gasp. It was she herself. Tears came to her eyes as she stood for a moment. Just then she felt alone in all the world. Why was it she had not been blessed with a commanding, yet pleasing, personage like Miss Beadle, or sweet and quiet looks like Miss Collins? Ah, why was it? She thought of the years she had spent as a girl studying under the famous artist, LeFolie. How near had seemed the fame, the glory that would have been hers had she been able to finish her sketch—her beautiful picture for the salon at Marseilles. And then to have lost it all in that terrible fire! And she, endowed with power to paint wonders, everything, had been forced to teach *French* at an English—or rather American—school! She knew her power; she had the gift to paint as few do. She glanced at her hand, all twisted. What a shame! Nevertheless, there came into her heart a resolution like a healing salve. She would again try to paint. Forgotten were the heartaches and the slights of the past ten years. Forgotten were those years of toil during which she had labored for a living for herself and her little niece. But now Eilise

was grown; she had stood her examinations with credit and was now a registered nurse, and there was still a tiny sum in the bank to Miss Damrau's credit.

That evening Miss Damrau went to town, and when she returned she was laden with many packages—some long and slim, some flat and square, some bulky. Her eyes were shining with excitement and her hair, usually drawn back so primly, was loosened and fluffed about her face in wavy silken strands. Never before at Dr. Philip's Academy had Miss Damrau looked so youthful. She hastened to her room and untied her packages, happy as a girl. Then she was busied setting this here and that there, until all her purchases had been disposed of. Then she got to work. In her mind for years had this one picture been, dominating all her thoughts: The mother (*her* mother) standing in the doorway of the cottage, waving farewell to her only son, off to the war. Many such pictures have been painted, but never before had there been such pathos put into one small square of *paper*. There was all the tenderness and brave cheerfulness in the world in the eyes of the fine old lady, yet there was a weary droop in her shoulders, and a haunting look of pain and sorrow way back in the depths of her eyes. And the boy, all so gaily riding off to do or die for his country, giving one last lingering look to his boyhood home, sorrow in his face and love for his mother. All this had Miss Damrau seen years ago, when Paul had ridden off to the Crimean War and had never returned.

Deep into the night she worked, painfully sometimes, with her pain-twisted hands, but bravely, as if inspired. And she was inspired—inspired by the memory of one long ago dead, and by all the suffering of so long ago.

Miss Wilkins, in the meanwhile, was promptly lionized, and plans were made for a grand escapade that night. Carbon copies of the creation were made and these were to be pinned about at midnight in Miss Damrau's room, with appropriate inscriptions. So at midnight a silent spookey-looking line of girls filed out from various rooms and to Miss Damrau's den. Wonders! There was a light! They wondered what had happened. Had any one "snitched?" Miss Wilkins stooped to the key hole and looked. She was silent and stared amazed. She turned a wonder-stricken face to the girls for the second time that day. One by one they looked. One by one, silent, they turned and stared at each other; and then, one by one, they tore to bits the portraiture of Miss Damrau. And there were tears in the eyes of many. For there leaned Miss Damrau upon her hand, looking at her half-finished work. Her face was inexpressibly softened, and there were tears in her eyes. And there, in its pathos and beauty, its depth of feeling, lay the half-finished picture, full in view. True to life had the little teacher been. Even the girls had been able to recognize her mother and brother, and she, a little chip of a girl, crying on the door-step. All knew that this, then, was her story. This was why she had striven so, had toiled so,—to bring up the daughter of her brother, killed far away.

Miss Damrau never knew of her visitors, but from that night was she made a favorite. Even Miss Beadle was not so tenderly loved as Miss Damrau, and many and varied were the pictures she afterwards painted. But never was there, nor ever will there be, such a picture as that first one done so long ago.

And Margaret Wilkins. From that day she was some-

how different. Realization of another's grief had given her some sweet inward lights, so softening and toning down a girl capable of great good. Now she is deservedly popular, a "sweet girl graduate" of more than one institution of learning. IDA ROUTH, '16.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"Allow me," said the fresh young man in the Pullman dining-car, as he passed the sugar bowl to a shy young girl; "sweets to the sweet, you know."

"Allow me," said the girl, as she handed him a plate of crackers; "crackers to the cracked, you know."

HOW HE PROVED IT.

They were trying an Irishman charged with a petty offence when the judge asked, "Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yis, your Honor, quickly responded the Celt, "there's the sheriff there."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement.

"Why, your Honor," said he, "I don't even know the man."

"Observe, your Honor," said the Irishman, triumphantly—"Observe that I've lived in this country for twelve years and the sheriff doesn't know me! Ain't that a character fer ye?"

STAFF.

Richard D. Gilliam, Jr., '15 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief

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WE WISH to extend a sincere welcome to each member of the new First Year Class, which is just beginning its high school life. They are now pupils of the Petersburg High School, we want them to feel at home.

Being a pupil of a first-class high school is not merely

coming to school every day and studying as little as possible. Being a pupil of such a school has many advantages, and with these advantages run duties. You are given the opportunity of getting a good education. It is your duty to get it. You are thrown with new companions. It is your duty to make friends of them and win their respect. Finally, you are given the privilege of calling yourself a pupil of a fiirst-class high school, and it is your sacred duty to help to make that privilege as great a one as possible. How many of us like to say we attend a school which has a winning foot-ball team; yet how few will help to make the team a winning one. All of us like to say our school has a good literary society; yet far too many of us will take no part in the work of the societies. We like to say that such and such a thing is taught well in our school; but we do not take advantage of this good teaching. We boast of our good Principal; but do we co-operate with him?

To do these things is to have school-spirit, and a pupil without school-spirit is not worth the snap of a finger to his school. Now it is your duty, as you are beginning your school work, to enter into the spirit of high school life. Do it.

The above is intended not only for the freshmen, but also for those who, though they have been here for one or more years, have never appreciated the value of school-spirit. We remind them that, while they have made a big mistake in neglecting this thing in the past, it is never too late to mend.

We, the incoming staff, accept with pleasure the position given us by the school. It is a responsible trust, but

we feel sure you will not leave us to work alone. We have heard this magazine called Mr. Wolff's "Missile." This is not correct; it is your "Missile." When a boy throws a rock, he throws it as hard and as far as he can; he is made stronger by the throwing and gets a good deal of pleasure from it. So let us see how far and hard you can throw your "Missile." The throwing will make you strong, and you will enjoy it.

We shall in time, as they say, have a new high school. But what about a library? We have one, it is true, but it is a rather poor sort. It contains about two out of every ten books necessary for the pupils for reference work and practically none of the books that are given in the course for parallel reading. The city has no public library and many of the homes into which literature is introduced receive it through the schools. Then, should we not try to better the present one, which we must admit is not up to the standard by any means? Of course it is a good idea for one to own a library and to do this by beginning to accumulate books while at school. But many pupils are unable to provide the necessary school books for themselves, and consequently they cannot do this. How then, if there is no public library in the city (and there does not seem to be any movement towards getting one), and the school library is quite deficient in many respects, are they to be provided with these books? The only way that we can see is by improving the present school library. Boost it—a better library for P.H.S.!

School Notes

At the last meeting of the Page and Daniel Literary Societies the following officers were elected and installed:

PAGE.		DANIEL.
Richard Gill,	President.	Richard E. Gilliam, Jr.
Geraldine Gerald,	Vice-President.	Louise Stratton,
Katherine Weeks,	Secretary.	Florence Couch,
Hobson Gill,	Treasurer.	Jno. Herb. Mann,
Leslie Steere,	Chief Marshal.	Theo. Roettger.

A joint meeting of the Page and Daniel Literary Societies was held in the Assembly hall on the 23rd of February in connection with Washington's birth day. Every one seemed to enjoy the splendid program, which was well rendered by the members of the two societies. On that morning we were fortunate in having with us the Rev. E. P. Dandridge, who made the opening prayer, and the Rev. Charles R. Stribling, who awarded the prizes offered by the "Missile" for the best stories and poem published during the half term. A prize of one dollar was given to one member from each grade for the best story written, and a two dollar and a half gold piece was presented to the pupil who wrote the best poem. The judges, Miss

Hobbs, Mr. Toms, and Mr. Pettit, selected the following stories and poem as the prize winners:

"The Clouds" (a poem), by Miss Ellen Montcure of IIA.

"Her Gift," by Miss Margaret Wilkinson, of IVA.

"The Singing Clock," by Mr. Charles Jackson, of IIIA.

"Helen Carington's Christmas," by Miss Florence Couch, of IIB.

"Iola, the Italian Street Singer," by Miss Estelle Prosser, of IB.

"He Died a Hero," by Mr. Jake Lavenstein, of 7A.

A very beautiful picture, given by the pupils of the Petersburg High School, to adorn the walls of the Assembly hall, was presented by our Principal, Mr. Wolff, and accepted by our Superintendent, Mr. Martin.

. . . . . .

On Thursday, the eighteenth of February, we were delighted to have with us Hon. Charles T. Lassiter, who gave us an extremely interesting lecture on "The Significance of the Hundred Years of Peace."

. . . . . .

Notice: Miss M., of IVA, likes quiet men.

. . . . . .

The IVA's are very anxious to see Miss Mollie's "feminine man."

. . . . . .

Miss S., of IIB., (at ten-thirty in the morning)- "Has the two o'clock car come yet?"

. . . . . .

Mr. Turner, of IIIB, would like to know if, when a girl writes a letter to a fellow in her green ink, it means something more than usual. We fail to comprehend.

. . . . . .

Wanted by Miss Beard—one aeroplane to bring Mr. R., of IIB, back from his daily trips to dreamland.

Miss B. and Miss T., of IIB, serve as gentle reminders of Tennyson's "Brook" to Mr. Miller. They're always babbling, he says.

. . . . . .

Miss F.: "Mr. Miller, tell me how to start this composition."

Mr. M.: "By beginning it, of course."

. . . . . .

Miss R., in IIIB chemistry: "Miss Segar, does this question go to d's?"

Miss S.: "I guess you wish all of them would go to (the) d—."

. . . . . .

Miss B (in library). "I had a dream about Mr. M. last night."

Miss T., of IIB.: "I know it was a nightmare."

. . . . . .

We submit to the jury as circumstantial evidence the condemning suggestiveness of the two names, "Spooner" and "Armstrong."

. . . . . .

Mr. M., in IIIA English: "Who was Lady Psyche?"

Mr. T., quickly: "She was the lady who never had a wife."

. . . . . .

Wanted: An extra desk for Mr. J., of IIIA, so he can keep his books off the floor.

. . . . . .

Miss Rivers: "Give a sentence illustrating the dative of possession."

Mr. R., of IIB., "Cæsar had ten feet."

. . . . . .

Miss C.: "What is a biennial?"

Miss A., of IIB.: "A plant that dies twice a year."

. . . . . .

Wated: Two experienced packers to help Miss B., of IIA., get her books together in time to get out at 2:30.

Miss C.: What is raised in the Northern Mississippi Valley?"

Mr. H., of IB2: "Ginger snaps and chewing gum."

. . . . . .

Miss M: "What is the meaning of the word 'pibrock?"

Mr. A., of IA.: "Some kind of a fowl—a chicken, I think."

. . . . . .

A certain young lady of the Petersburg High School, when teased about her latest fad of automobiling, laughingly replied that she always did like a "Rideout."

. . . . . .

Be comforted, ye pupils who starve at recess, there is at last a "Miller" among you. Already he has given plenty of food for thought to you.

. . . . . .

The pupils of the entire High School are very glad to have Miss Cooper, who has been sick, back at her work once more.

NOT FOR HIM.

"And," concluded the Sunday-school teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to Heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not much," said Tommy; "I had one of those things put on a tooth oncet."

An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came to the captain and said:

"You will just have to find me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and he won't stand for it."

Athletics

The Petersburg High School Relay Team went to Richmond Friday, February 12, to compete with a team from Blackstone Academy, at the annual Indoor Prep. School Championships, for the city of Richmond. Our event, a mile relay, was tenth on the program. Burge, who started, fully lived up to his reputation for being the fastest starter at P. H. S. He beat his man off by about three yards and held that lead throughout the three laps. Heath, the next man, not being in very good condition on account of the short training period, was beaten by about thirty yards. Elliott's opponent, who ran third, gave Robinson, B. A.'s anchor man, a lead of forty yards.

Rees, who was anchor man for P. H. S., managed to hold his own but could not gain an inch. Although we were defeated, we do not consider the track team a failure; the team was a good one considering the available material, the short interval of training and their larger and more experienced opponents.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Miller for his efforts in their behalf. He was hampered in his efforts by the short training period, the greenness of the candidates and the non-support of the student body. In spite of these hin-

drances he turned out a team that let the fast B. A. team know that they were in a race.

Arrangements are being made for a Track and Field Meet between the grades of the school the first part of April. The committee of arrangements consists of one representative elected from each room and Mr. Miller. This committee has had one meeting and plans are rapidly getting into shape.

The Baseball prospects are unusually bright for this year. With Booth, Sheffeld and Partin of last year's team, we have as good an array of pitching talent as there is in the State. Captain Walthall will do the receiving, and judging from past experiences, we know he will do it well. Hall will again hold down First. Hobson Gill, last year's sub, looks good to us on Second if Collier does not play. Short will be hotly contested, Roper, our last year's star, having left school. Gill will, in all probability, cavort around Third. We are sure that "Billy" Baxter, Jordan and H. Jones can take care of anything in the outfield. Because this team has been picked, let no one think that these boys are sure to play, but come out for the team yourself and make a place, or at least make the others work for theirs.

Games are being arranged with the following schools: Richmond Academy, John Marshall High Schol, Episcopal High School, Lynchburg High School, Maury High School, Newport News High School, Greenville County High School, Blackstone Academy, Farmville High School, Chester High School, Disputanta High School, Benedictine College, McGuire's School, Randolph-Macon Academy.

LOUISE STRATTON, - - - *Editor.*

The February Graduating Class of 1915 rendered one of the most successful and delightful programs that have ever been prepared for class night. The exercises were opened with a prayer by Dr. Richard Wilkinson. A "Mock Trial," which was presided over by Mr. Arthur Elliott, preceded the play. During this the Class Will was read by Mr. Kennon Collier, the Class Prophecy by Miss Virginia Epes, and the Class Poem by Miss Mary McCaleb. Next came the awarding of gifts to the Faculty and the Graduates, which provoked much mirth, as the audience fully appreciated their cleverness.

Excellent dramatic talent was shown by the students in their production of "The Elopement of Ellen." In this play a young girl, June Haverhill, assumes the character of a maid to Mr. and Mrs. Ford, a recently married cou-

ple; Max Ten Eych, who recently proposed to June, is staying in the same house and he immediately recognizes her. Quite a complicated love affair follows, in which Mrs. Ford's brother proposes to June. In the meantime Max, by the requirements of an aunt's will, is compelled to propose to Dorothy Marck, another of Mrs. Ford's guests. The rector of a nearby church falls in love with Dorothy at first sight, and proposes. Finally affairs right themselves and June consents to marry Mrs. Ford's brother, while Dorothy promises to marry Max.

Before the play and during the intermissions the audience was favored with several delightful musical numbers. Two violin numbers were given, one by Mr. Francis Hays and the other by Miss Alberta Bowman. Miss Wilkinson played several selections on the piano and Miss Baxter charmed the whole audience by her singing and completely won every heart when, at her second encore, she sang "Tipperary."

The program was as follows:

Prayer, by Dr. Wilkinson.

Part I—MOCK TRIAL.

Part II—"THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN." A Comedy in three acts.

CHARACTERS.

Richard Ford, a devoted young husband . . . . . George Goodwin
Molly, his wife . . . . . Elizabeth Bragg
Robert Shepard, Molly's brother . . . . . Harvey Booth
Max Ten Eych, a chum of Robert's . . . . . Walter Buchanan
Dorothy Marck, engaged to Max—a guest of Mrs. Ford's . . Lena Donnan
June Haverhill, Wellesley '16, who is doing some special investigation for economic courses during the summer . . . . . Katherine Jones
John Hume, Rector of St. Agnes' . . . . . Herbert Jones

SYNOPSIS.

Act I—Morning Room at Mrs. Ford's home, at 8 A. M.
Act II—Corner of Mrs. Ford's garden, at 5 A. M. the next day.
Act III—Same corner in the evening of the same day.
Place—Pleasant Hill, a suburb of New York City.
Time—The summer of 1914.

Exchange Department

SARAH E. SEWARD, *Editor.*

The Tatler, Atlanta, Ga., is a very attractive little magazine and we see it has an Exchange Manager, but where, Oh, where is its Exchange Department?

Among the new exchanges that have come to our table this month are *The Item*, Pasadena, Cal., *The Comet*, Orono, Maine, and *The Royal Blue*, Guthrie, Oklahoma. All contain good cuts, well-written stories and worthwhile reading. Call again.

It has been suggested by both *The Red and Black*, Reading, Pa., and *The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn., that the name of the town and State from which the magazine comes be printed on the cover. We heartily agree.

We learn from *The Maroon and White*, Alexandria High School, that their school will soon have a new building. Congratulations! May it not be very long before we have a similar good fortune!

We are so glad to welcome among our exchanges this month *The Spectrum*, Chester, Pa. It is exceedingly interesting, and we enjoyed especially the editorial on "School Spirit."

The Blue and the Gray, Rowland Park, Md., is one of our most welcome exchanges. The January number is replete with good things, notably "The Atonement" and "Down the English Channel in War Time."

The Echo, Hazelton, Pa., is received with pleasure. Its stories are especially fine. "The Dream Imp" teaches a beautiful lesson.

The Oracle, Woodward High School, Cincinnati, Ohio, has a wonderfully attractive little story called "Berkeley's Awakening," and gives some new ideas about how to interest citizens in civic improvement.

The Student, Portsmouth, Va., is always received with pleasure and enjoyed very much.

The Review, Washington, D. C., in its January number, has many interesting stories, especially "On the Side of Old Baldy" and "Gratitude."

The Virginian, Norfolk, Va. Your story, "The Revelation," is intensely interesting and well written.

The two prize stories in *The Oriole*, Baltimore, Md., this month are very clever, and the whole magazine would have been much enjoyed had it not been marred by the position taken by the Exchange Department.

The Lowell, San Francisco, Cal., is one of our most attractive exchanges. They are especially fortunate in having such a gem as "A Mosa Poem."

We gratefully acknowledge the following: *The Oracle*, Woodberry Forest; *The Racquet*, Portland, Me.; *The Quill*, Marion, Iowa; *The Lemon and Black*, Randolph-Macon, Bedford City; *The Bayonet*, Fort Defiance, Va.; *The X-Ray*, Marion, Va.; *The Pattersonian*, Mount Joy, Pa.; *The Retina*, Toledo, Ohio; *The Red and Black*, Reading, Pa.; *The Focus*, State Normal School, Farmville, Va.; *Lassell Leaves*, Boston, Mass.; *The Monthly Chronicle*, Episcopal High School; *The Record*, Staunton, Va.; *The Critic*, Lynchburg, Va.

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